

Chesapeake & Ohio Ry.
Schedule in effect Aug. 12th, 1906,
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LIMITED FOR LOUISVILLE, AND THE WEST
7:15 a. m. and 4:10 p. m. daily.
LOCAL FOR LEXINGTON.
9:50 a. m. and 11:50 a. m. Ex. Sunday.
A local arrives from Lexington at 2 p. m. and returns at 2:15.

**FOR WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHILA-
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OLD POINT AND NORFOLK**
12:25 p. m. and 9:55 p. m. daily
LOCAL FOR CLIFTON FORGE
9:30 a. m. Ex. Sunday.
LOCAL FOR ROTHWELL
7:15 a. m. and 2:15 p. m. week days.

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Corn Meal Mill and Coal Yards are
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He makes Cornmeal the Old-fash-
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3rd Monday in each month.
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Tuesday after 3rd Monday.
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1st Tuesdays in April and October.
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**Livery, Feed and
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BUS LINE TO PRESTON.
TURNOUTS ALL NEW.
Phone No. 70.
30-2m

The Story of a Manuscript

BY JESSIE MOORE.
Copyright 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

One of the first things I noticed
when I came into this world was
the color of my Creator's eyes.
They were such deep blue eyes of
the dreamy variety, and her hair
curled about her face in a most
bewitching manner.

She was a very beautiful Crea-
tor and I knew I must be the best
sort of a story because she had
written me. Then when she tied
my numerous pages together
with a bow of baby blue ribbon
I fairly swelled with pride; so
much so, in fact, that she had a
hard time making me fit into the
long white envelope into which
she shoved me, and had to leave
the flap partly open; so I was en-
abled to hear what followed.

"You're good enough for the
very best," she said, giving me a
little pat, "so I think I'll send
you to the Ladies' Gazette. They
have such lovely pictures on their
covers each month and such de-
licious recipes for lobster-salad
and angel-food cake printed in-
side. But then," meditatively,
"the People's Magazine is such a
swell one and pays awfully good
prices, I'm told."

She decided in favor of the lat-
ter and I was sent forth on my
first visit to New York. I say
visit because that is all it turned
out to be (and a short one at
that) even though there were
tears in her voice when she bade
me good-by, declaring she felt
sure she'd never see me again.

I had a long talk with one of
the hundred or more manuscripts
on the editor's desk, and asked
him concerning the worn look of
his edges.

"That's nothing," he answered,
"that comes from rough handling
You'll get used to that."

"Humph," I remarked, swelling
so that I bulged my envelope
frightfully, "I guess not. This is
apt to be my last trip, for my
Creator said I was good enough
for the best and she was pretty
sure this magazine would take
me."

"Oh, they always think that,"
he smiled, "but not many of us
are accepted by the first editor
who reads us. I had a friend
once who made a trip every
month for so long a time that he
finally fell to pieces from old
age."

"And never was accepted?" I
gasp. "Good heavens, suppose
that should be my fate, too."

"Well, after all," declared my
friend, "this may be your last
trip; but if it is it will probably
end a different way from what
you expect. You see some Crea-
tors get discouraged after the
first attempt and never try again.
In that case if a man wrote you
you'd be tossed into a pigeonhole
of his desk and forgotten until
some time when he was cleaning
out the mess, when you'd prob-
ably be taken out and destroyed.
Or, if a woman was your Creator,
you'd be laid away in a sweet
scented box and kept simply as a
keepsake."

On that first trip of mine out
into the world I learned many
things; among which was the
fact that blue bows of ribbon on
a manuscript are scoffed at by
other manuscripts and simply not
tolerated by editors.

When the chief of the People's
Magazine beheld me he groaned
aloud and tossed me aside with-
out even stopping to glance at
my title.

"A woman or a fool wrote
that," he commented, brusquely,
and my pride took a fall at the
words.

When I reached home, some
few weeks after I had left it, I
wasn't so certain of myself, but
in my Creator I still believed
firmly. Surely such a nice girl as
she was, I thought, would take
the hint and remove from my
pages that odious bow. But no,
she had no such intention.

She merely sniffed at the rejec-
tion slip accompanying me, re-
marking that some people didn't
know a good thing when they saw
it; and posted me off immediately
to the second on her list of maga-
zines. And that was the begin-
ning of my tiresome and humili-
ating existence.

Regularly I went, and as regu-
larly returned until, fearfully I
felt of myself to see if I showed
signs of falling to pieces, and
longingly thought of a sweet-



The Tobacco That Made Chewing Popular

Man's fondness for chewing tobacco is created and popularized by the tobacco produced in the famous Piedmont tobacco belt. Only choice selections of this well matured, thoroughly cured leaf are used in making SCHNAPPS. That's why SCHNAPPS requires and takes a smaller amount of sweetening than any other kind—and that's why SCHNAPPS has a wholesome, stimulating and satisfying effect on chewers.

There are many imitations of SCHNAPPS claiming to be "just as good," but without the flavor or quality that has made SCHNAPPS sales more than all similar tobaccos.

Schnapps

It is made in the Reynolds factories, famous for producing the best chewing tobaccos, by clean, sanitary processes, under the same direction, since 1875, of men who have made the business a life study. They are the largest and best equipped flat plug factories in the world and are situated in the very center of the world's greatest chewing tobacco district.

If you've never chewed SCHNAPPS, now is the time to get acquainted with the cleanest, most healthful, stimulating, and wholesome form in which tobacco can be used. Do not accept imitations.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Has Less Sweetening than Imitations

scented box in which to rest, or
even, as a last resort, a pigeon-
hole in her desk; though I had no
desire to be dragged forth at last
and ruthlessly destroyed.

The only pleasure I derived
from my numerous journeys was
the companionship of other un-
fortunates like myself, but even
this lost its charm at last and I
longed to be alone—to rest.

Then one day I suddenly leaped
high up the ladder of success; in
other words, I held the attention
of one editor long enough to gain
a reading; something that in all
my travels I had never done be-
fore.

"Now," thought I, exultantly,
"at last my chance has come, for,
once his eyes get beyond that
hateful blue bow and penetrate
the depths of my soul, he will
recognize my true worth and give
me a place in the world of litera-
ture." But, alas, my joy was
short-lived! Two weeks later I
was back in the hands of my
Creator, my last hope gone, and
with it my faith in her ability to
create.

"You again?" she cried at sight
of me, and then she picked up the
accompanying note from the ed-
itor and read:

"Dear Madam: I have taken
the liberty of writing you that
after carefully reading your
manuscript entitled 'Love's
Dreams,' I wish to say, in order
to save you further trouble and
expense, that the story, as a
story, is quite hopeless, and un-
less it is written again and
changed it will never be accepted
by any magazine. Your heroine
is very good, but there never was
a human like Bob Bradley, your
hero. He is too weak, too foolish
and altogether too impossible for
one to recognize him as a man,
much less a hero," etc., etc.

With a gasp my Creator
dropped into a chair and burst
into such violent weeping that I
slipped to the floor in sheer nerv-
ousness. Presently, however, her
sobs ceased as suddenly as they
had commenced and her eyes
gleamed angrily through their
veil of tears.

Picking me up she patted my
soiled blue bow tenderly,
straightened out my creases and
placed me in my last resting-
place, the sweet-scented box of
my dreams.

"Your travels are over, Miss
Manuscript," she informed me,
"but I shall always keep you for
old time's sake." Then she took
a photograph off the mantle and
held it out toward me.

"Do you see that man?" she de-
manded. "Well, what do you
think of him?"

If I could have answered in her
language I would have told her
I didn't think much of him. He
was an insignificant, dreamy-

looking chap with a small mus-
tache gracing his upper lip.
However, she didn't wait for an
answer but continued almost im-
mediately:

"I always thought editors
didn't have any sense, and now,"
triumphantly, "I know it; so I
won't waste time any longer try-
ing to raise blossoms in the bar-
ren fields of literature. That ed-
itor doesn't know the difference
between a man and a postage
stamp. The idea of his saying
there never was a human like
Bob Bradley. I tell you," shaking
the photograph at me, "this is
Bob Bradley and he is the hero
of my life as well as of my story.
Weak, foolish, impossible, is he?
And to think I put Bob's own
character on a piece of paper to
show the world how grand a man
he is! Oh, if I had that editor
here I'd scratch his eyes out."

With a sigh I settled down in
my perfumed box. At last I un-
derstood my failure in coming be-
fore the public, for if that man's
character was as weak as his
face I felt mortified that I should
have had anything to do with it.

And he was the hero of her
life! Poor, beautiful little Crea-
tor!

His Mental Limitation.

"Your honor," said the arrest-
ed chauffeur, "I tried to warn the
man, but the horn would not
work."

"Then why did you not slacken
speed rather than run him
down?"

A light seemed to dawn upon
the prisoner.

"Gee!" he said, "that's one on
me. I never thought of that."

SUBTLE LANGUAGE OF THE FAN.

Dullness of rainy days in the
New England resort where she
is passing the summer is dis-
pelled by Senorita Elena Calde-
ron in an original way. The
dark-eyed daughter of the Bol-
ivian minister in Washington oc-
cupies those heavy hours with
teaching the language of the fan
to girl friends. Few American
maids are able to avail them-
selves of the opportunities af-
forded by the use of the fan.
Of course, when they have mas-
tered all meanings of the grace-
ful instrument, the next step
will be to convey that knowledge
to men friends. Should a youth
who hovers around fail to catch
the meaning of the uplifted fan,
just shading the right eye, he
might rush up at the wrong
time. That signal means: "Do
not come yet." The fan just be-
fore the lip means: "You are
ever welcome." But it will take
a long and faithful practice to
enable the nervous American
girl to wield a fan with the lan-
guorous grace of her Latin sister.

ART IMPROVED ON NATURE

Object Lesson Far More Eloquent
Than the Thunderings of the
Energetic Lecturer.

"Gentlemen," thundered the
energetic lecturer, "we live in
pessimistic times. Our leading
politicians, our pulpit orators,
our great philosophers, our
poets and, worst of all, our nov-
elists, delight to picture life as
a hideous nightmare, a crooked
dream, a thing not worth the
misery expended in enduring, a
low scramble for human suprem-
acy, or as an ignoble failure at
best. And, gentlemen, are they
right? Is it, indeed, so? Are
we really sinking in the scale
of civilization? Nature is na-
ture, and we are her children;
nature is good and wise and
beautiful and true; nature en-
nobles us and makes us free
from guile and deceit!"

Here there was a stir in the
audience.

"Hold on, gov'nor. Look
here!" shouted a man who had
been intently listening. "This is
my wig, and these my false
teeth, and this my glass eye.
What about them, eh? What
sort of a fright would I be with-
out them? They lick nature all
to pieces, I can tell you. You
hold on a bit!"

The Pain Family

You know them; they are
numerous, and make their
presence felt everywhere. The
names of the family are Head-
ache, Toothache, Earache,
Backache, Stomach ache, Neu-
ralgia, etc. They are sentinels
that warn you of any derange-
ment of your system. When
the brain nerves become ex-
hausted or irritated, Headache
makes you miserable; if the
stomach nerves are weak, in-
digestion results, and you
double up with pain, and if the
more prominent nerves are af-
fected, Neuralgia simply makes
life unendurable. The way to
stop pain is to soothe and
strengthen the nerves. Dr.
Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do this.
The whole Pain family yield to
their influence. Harmless if
taken as directed.

"I find Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills an
excellent remedy for overcoming head-
ache, neuralgia and distressing pains
of all sorts. I have used them for the
past seven years in this capacity with
the best of results."
MRS. JOE MERRILL, Peru, Ind.
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by
your druggist, who will guarantee that
the first package will benefit. If it
fails, he will return your money.
25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.